5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

The children, at least the boys, played about and did as they pleased. Not so with the girls. Their duties began at a very early age. They carried wood and water for their mothers, sewed moccasins, and as soon as they were strong enough, were taught to tan robes and furs, make lodges, travois, and do all other woman's — and so menial — work. The boys played at mimic warfare, hunted around in the brush with their bows and arrows, made mud images of animals, and in summer spent about half their time in the water. In winter, they spun tops on the ice, slid down hill on a contrivance made of buffalo ribs, and hunted rabbits. 105 512 857 562 868 [462]

Shortly after noon, the hunters began to return, bringing in deer, antelope, buffalo, elk, occasionally bear, and, sometimes, beaver which they had trapped. The camp began to be more lively. In all directions persons could be heard shouting out invitations to feasts. Here a man was lying back on his couch singing and drumming; there a group of young men were holding a war dance; everywhere the people were eating, singing, talking, and joking. As the light faded from the western sky and darkness spread over the camp, the noise and laughter increased. In many lodges, the people held social dances, the women, dressed in their best gowns, ranged on one side, the men on the other; all sung, and three or four drummers furnished an accompaniment; the music was lively if somewhat jerky. At intervals the people rose and danced, the "step" being a bending of the knees and swinging of the body, the women holding their arms and hands in various graceful positions. 105 512 [224] [535] [533]

With the night came the rehearsal of the wondrous doings of the gods. These tales may not be told in the daytime. Old Man would not like that, and would cause any one who narrated them while it was light to become blind. All Indians are natural orators, but some far exceed others in their powers of expression. Their attitudes, gestures, and signs are so suggestive that they alone would enable one to 105 512 537 538 [784]

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

He would say: "There is a good woman. She has built this Medicine Lodge, and is greatly honored and respected by all the people. Once she was a girl just like you; and you, if you are good and live a pure life, may some day be as great as she is now. Remember this, and try to live a worthy life."

At the time of the Medicine Lodge, the boys in the camp also gathered to see the young men count their *coups*. A man would get up, holding in one hand a bundle of small sticks, and, taking one stick from the bundle, he would recount some brave deed, throwing away a stick as he completed the narrative of each *coup*, until the sticks were all gone, when he sat down, and another man stood up to begin his recital. As the boys saw and heard all this, and saw how respected those men were who had done the most and bravest things, they said to themselves, "That man was once a boy like us, and we, if we have strong hearts, may do as much as he has done." So even the very small boys used often to steal off from the camp, and follow war parties. Often they went without the knowledge of their parents, and poorly provided, without food or extra moccasins. They would get to the enemy's camp, watch the ways of the young men, and so learn about going to war, how to act when on the war trail so as to be successful. Also they came to know the country.

The Blackfeet men often went off by themselves to fast and dream for power. By no means every one did this, and, of those who attempted it, only a few endured to the end, — that is, fasted the whole four days, — and obtained the help sought. The attempt was not usually made by young boys before they had gone on their first war journey. It was often undertaken by men who were quite mature. Those who underwent this suffering were obliged to abstain from food or drink for four days and four nights, resting for two nights on the right side, and for two nights on the left. It

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

individuals and small groups. The cows were in prime condition and the Blackfeet concentrated on gathering the meat and berries to be dried and stored for winter use.

The most common technique for hunting buffalo during the late nineteenth century was the chase in which mounted hunters followed the herd and each man selected an animal, rode it down and killed it. By this time the Piegan had abandoned the earlier method of driving the herds into confining canyons, compounds or over a cliff to be killed and butchered below. Men hunted on foot only when they lacked a buffalo hunting horse, or when heavy snowfall made horse travel impossible. Although other animals might be hunted on foot, the horse was of major importance in hunting buffalo—the Blackfeet "staff of life."

Horses, then, were a form of production capital, and their importance led to another form of economic pursuit, the horse raid. A man could build a horse herd by buying animals from his neighbors, by having them given to him, by natural increase among his already acquired stock, or by raiding and taking horses from enemy camps. This was a dangerous but quick way to build capital, and success in such dangerous pursuits added to a person's prestige, so horse raiding became ". . . an established industry among the Blackfeet" (Grinnell 1907:244).

Labor was quite sharply divided by sex. Men were the hunters and defenders, women the collectors and manual laborers. In addition to hunting and fighting, men butchered the animals while on the hunt, made their weapons, shields, and drums, and painted designs on these. They also made pipes, horn utensils and often their own ornaments, leggings, and coats.

Women's work makes a longer list. They occasionally helped with light butchering when they accompanied a hunt, but did all butchering, preparing and preserving of meat once it had been brought to camp. Women gathered plant foods, prepared meals, made the clothing, packed, moved, and unpacked provisions and possessions, carried wood and water, cut tepee poles, put up and dismantled the tepees, made and decorated leather carrying bags (parfleches) and other containers, manufactured utensils, dressed and tanned skins and hides, made saddles and horse gear, made travois, and reared the children.

It would appear that the women did the most "work," which may be overlooking the fact that hunting, an avocation for us, was often an arduous occupation. Nonetheless, it was true that men had more time for socializing. Young men often dressed up in their paint and finest clothing, to stroll around the camp in order to be admired by the girls; and the older men spent much of their leisure time in feasting one another.

A similar division of labor and male advantage was a part of childhood. Young boys were free to play, until as they grew older they were given the task of caring for the horses. The games they played were preparation for hunting and raiding. At a much earlier age girls began to carry wood and water, do light gathering and collecting, and take lessons in the preparation of foods, clothing and in dressing hides—learning the women's work.

The Blackfeet were much concerned with personal property and had their own definition of what it entailed. Resources were unowned, food and materials

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

might be said, is made up of the "progressive" members of the tribe who have accepted more change than the "conservative" or "traditional" segment, which has resisted change. Anthropologists have sometimes used these labels to describe social divisions within Indian reservation communities. This process of differential acceptance and rejection of change has played a part in the evolution of the Blackfeet community, but other factors have also been at work to further complicate the matter.

One complicating factor is the presence of numerous tribal members of ¼ or less Indian "blood," who cannot be considered as Indians, or as members of families that have become assimilated. In one sense they are Indian only by the grace of one Indian grandparent or great-grandparent. Yet they live on the reservation and play an important part in tribal affairs. At one point I thought I could distinguish three categories: "real Indians," "assimilated Indians," and "Indians by technicality," but the last named do not form a distinct social group. They interact with the "assimilated" people and share a common culture. I gradually came to recognize that there were really two relatively distinct social divisions within the reservation community and named these the *Indian-oriented* and *white-oriented* societies. These cumbersome but appropriate labels recognize the cultural "directions" toward which the people in each group are oriented.

Many interrelated processes have led to this condition. In the preceding chapter culture change was described in terms of the development of the tribe as a whole in response to historical events. Another view of the same events could be taken from the perspective of the individuals who made their own adaptation and accommodation to the changing conditions of daily life. From this position the differential experience of persons with the two cultural systems, in home, school, church, work experience, and travel, seems most important. Of these the socialization experience in the childhood homes looms large when seen in the continuity from child to parent to grandparent back through time to the buffalo days. A few sketches from representative family histories should serve to indicate the complexity of the transmission processes that maintain and perpetuate the two social divisions in the reservation community.

Socialization to White-Orientation

A middle-aged full-blood man, who I shall call Ray Hawkins, told me about his childhood home and training. His parents saw the end of the buffalo days and concluded that the old life was ended. He remembers his father telling him, "The Indian days are gone. In a few years he will be only a thing in a museum that people will pay to see. You must live like our white brothers." His parents took up ranching and brought in a white tutor to teach the children English and other things they needed to prepare them for the new life ahead. Ray recalled that the tutor brought "books, a blackboard, chalk, paper, and pencils and set up a real school with recess and all." The children seldom left the ranch and were not allowed to play with other Indian children. "We were scared of the Indians," this full-blood told me, "If they came near the house we would hide under the bed."

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

plained to their daughters the honor bestowed upon the medicine woman because she had always been true to her husband.

Girls dressed in garments which were miniatures of those worn by their mothers. But small boys often went nude in the summer. Or, at most, they wore only a breechclout in warm weather.

Blackfoot children were accustomed to horses from infancy. As babies they rode on their mothers' backs atop a horse when camp was moved. When they were able to sit up, they rode on the travois or on horseback behind their mothers. At an early age, usually by their fifth year, they were taught to ride alone. The child was lifted into a high-horned woman's saddle on a gentle horse, and rawhide ropes were passed back and forth between pommel and cantle on each side and tied to prevent the child's falling. A parent led the horse around the camp at a slow walk. If the child was afraid, he could hold on to the saddle horn. As he gained in experience and confidence, he was led at a faster pace and was taught to use the reins to control his mount. When camp was moved, the child was tied in the saddle and the horse was led by an adult. Soon he was riding alone. By the time most children were six or seven years old, they were good riders. Some rode little saddles made for them by fond mothers or grandmothers. They also learned to ride bareback and to ride double, and they frequently competed in impromptu horse races.

Fathers looked after the education of the boys, but they were allowed much more freedom than were girls. Boys were taught to make miniature bows and arrows. They were encouraged to take part in rough, active body- and character-building games and sports. At the sun dance encampment fathers pointed out to their sons the great warriors of their tribe and cited the honors that came to men who were brave and successful at the arts of war. The hero-worshiping youth was told again and again the stirring narratives of the outstanding fighting men of his tribe, both past and present. He was reminded of the old Blackfoot proverb, "It is better to die in battle than of old age or sickness."

Boys of about ten years of age were entrusted with the daily

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

857 233 care of the family horse herd. The boy herder rose before daylight to go after the horses in their night pasture and drove them to a near-by lake or stream for water. Then he drove them to good pasturage near camp and returned home to breakfast. He watched the grazing herd during the day and drove it to water at noon and again in late afternoon. Toward evening he drove the herd to night pasture and hobbled the lead mare to prevent the herd from straying.

883 231 Boys who had lots of nerve began to break horses for riding when they were twelve or thirteen years of age. The easiest and least dangerous way to break broncs was in a pond or stream. Two boys rode double on a trained horse, leading the bronc by a rope or halter. They rode into the water until the bronc was up to its shoulders. Then the front rider held the lead rope close to its chin while the other boy climbed on its back. The lad on the trained horse quickly passed the rope to the bronc rider. As soon as the bronc felt the weight of the boy on his back, he began to jump and buck, but as soon as his head got wet, he quieted down. He tired quickly, and the boy rode him out of the water. If the bronc still showed a lot of spirit it was led back into the water again for another session.

At other times boys led a bronco into a muddy or swampy area to break it. Then one of them jumped on its back. When the horse tried to buck, its feet sank into the mire. If the rider was thrown, he would not be hurt. The horse's spirit was broken before it could get out of this boggy training ground.[9]

883 [224] [231] Orphaned boys could find homes with wealthy families by looking after the large horse herds and assisting in the hunt. All boys began to hunt buffalo calves in their early teens, and not long thereafter they graduated to hunting adult buffalo and some of them began to join horse-raiding parties. Only the sons of wealthy men could look forward to a good marriage before they had begun to accumulate a herd of their own horses.

[575] [561] [432] In their late teens a group of young men banded together to purchase membership in the lowest of the graded men's societies

[9] Ewers, "Horse in Blackfoot Indian Culture," B.A.E. *Bull* 159, 60-64.

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

THE BLACKFEET [ca, 1850]

524 A measure of the fun-loving nature of the Blackfeet may be judged from the great number and variety of their games and 524 amusements for young and old. Children's play varied with their ages, with the sexes, and with the seasons. It had real educational 859 value. In their play children imitated many of the activities of 524 their elders and so painlessly prepared themselves for the re- 524 sponsibilities of adult life. At play girls learned the rudiments 857 of baby care, craftwork, housekeeping, and moving camp. Boys' 868 competitive sports were rowdy enough to toughen their bodies and varied enough to develop their agility and skill in the use of weapons. This play helped to improve their bodily co-ordination and gave them valuable practice in making quick, sure decisions in the midst of action—excellent training for the future 524 hunter and warrior. Adults found relaxation from the cares and tensions of daily life in games of skill or chance and in spectator [525] sports. The common custom of gambling on the outcome intensified their interest in these activities.

Older children made their own playthings and gaming equipment. Little children's toys were made for them by their elders. A little girl of six or seven years who accompanied her grandmother into the brush to collect firewood might beg the old woman to make her a birch doll. The grandmother would cut a section of a birch limb about one foot long and four inches in diameter with her axe. She used her butcher knife to cut a groove around the piece about four inches from one end. This formed the doll's shoulder line. Above this line she whittled a crude, knob-like head and bored little holes in one side of the knob to suggest eyes, nose, and mouth. The simple doll had no ears, hair, or legs. The body retained the unaltered form of the birch cylinder below the shoulder line. Little girls clothed these dolls by simply wrapping a piece of buckskin or trade cloth around the cylinder.

As girls grew older, they wanted more realistic dolls. Then their mothers or grandmothers made them dolls with arms and legs as well as heads of skin or trade cloth stuffed with grass. The facial features were delineated with thread or trade beads.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

speak little English, apply English names to their horses. However, Percy Creighton said that on the Blood Reserve the old, picturesque, color names were still in vogue (1947), except for horses purchased from Whites that had been previously named.[9]

DAILY CARE OF HORSES

Among the Blackfoot daily care of family horse herds was generally entrusted to boys 8 to 12 or more years of age, except during the most inclement winter months when men of the household assumed responsibility for the task. If there were several boys in a family the father usually delegated care of the horses to the most dependable and ambitious lad. Sometimes a younger brother cared for the horses of a young married man. Otherwise the latter looked after his own horses. Owners of large herds, or owners of small herds who were sonless, commonly adopted orphan boys to care for their horses. If a young, single man went on a raiding party to steal horses from the enemy, he chose a poor but reliable and ambitious boy to look after his horses while he was away from camp, rewarding the lad with a colt for his labors. If the young warrior had elderly parents who could not obtain food for themselves, he selected a youth in his late teens to care for his horses, rustle food for his parents in the hunt, and keep them well supplied with firewood. Some poor boys got their starts as horse owners through this service.

Duties of the young herder required that he be up before daybreak each morning to go after the horses where they had been pastured the previous night and drive them to a nearby lake or stream for water. Then he drove them to good pasturage near camp and returned to his lodge for breakfast. The owner generally returned to the herd with him after the morning meal, selected the horse or horses he wished to use during the day, perhaps petted his horses a while, and gave instructions to the boy regarding pasturage for the day. At noon the lad drove the horses to water again. Toward evening he watered the horses a third time and drove them to their night pasturage, where

[9] The published lists of names for horses employed by the Flathead (Turney-High, 1937, p. 110); Kutenai (Turney-High, 1941, p. 71); Cree (Mandelbaum, 1940, p. 197), and Hidatsa (Wilson, 1924, pp. 194–195) show a similar preference for color names among those tribes. Eagle Bird, Ogiala, and Smoky, Kiowa, told me those tribes generally named horses after their appearances. Denhart (1947, p. 282) has pointed out that it was a favorite Spanish custom to name a horse according to the impression received on first seeing the animal. Whether the Plains Indian system of descriptive horse naming was adopted from the Spanish cannot be determined from the facts available. Certainly the coincidence is most intriguing.

No Plains Indian tribe is known to have practiced branding in buffalo days. The chronicler of the Long expedition noted that the Pawnee (met in 1819), had no method of affixing distinctive marks to their horses. The many branded horses seen among the Pawnee were either stolen or traded from the Spanish (James, 1823, vol. 1, p. 489).

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

he hobbled the lead mare to prevent the herd's straying. When camp was not on the move the Blackfoot generally watered their horses thrice daily.[10]

At night the herd might be pastured in a coulee or valley at some distance from camp, where the animals would be concealed from possible enemy raiders. Normally, and unless clear signs of enemy raiders in the vicinity had been discovered, there was no night herding. After the boy guided his herd to night pasture he returned to camp. If it was thought an enemy party might be near, the horses were not driven to pasture until after dark. Wise herders watched their herds closely that night. Families that neglected this precaution, after they had been forewarned, sometimes awoke the next morning to find their horses gone, while those of the cautious owners remained. (A more detailed account of measures for the defense of horses appears on pp. 207–210.)

It was not the responsibility of the band or village chief to supervise daily care of the horses of his people. He selected a camp site affording good pasturage nearby, but each family looked after its own herd. During the daytime the horses of different owners frequently were pastured close together, but at night, in order to prevent the enemy from running off all the loose horses of the village, the individual herds were scattered widely.[11]

HOBBLING

When a Blackfoot herd was driven to a sheltered place at night hobbles were attached to the forelegs of the lead mare to prevent the herd from wandering to high ground where they might be seen easily by prowling enemies. When moving camp in small groups, or when a few hunters spent the night away from camp on a winter buffalo hunt, horses were night hobbled. There was no winter hobbling by the hind legs, which was a Cree practice (Mandelbaum, 1940, p. 196). The lead mare was generally an older animal of gentle disposition, and was hobbled with feet wide apart allowing freedom of movement in walk-

[10] Teton Dakota (Dorsey, 1891, p. 335) and Kiowa (informants) herders generally watered their horses three times each day. This was also Hidatsa practice throughout most of the year. In winter they watered their horses only twice, about noon and at sundown (Wilson, 1924, p. 178). Kroeber (1902–7, p. 148) noted that the Gros Ventres band called "Those-who-water-their-horses-once-a-day are said to have followed this practice so that their horses would gain flesh more quickly."

[11] Most other Plains tribes also entrusted the daily care of horses to boys. This was true of the Mandan and Hidatsa, relatively poor in horses. (Maximilian, 1906, vol. 24, p. 24; Wilson, 1924, pp. 155–172.) It was also true of the horticultural Osage (Tixier, 1940, p. 160), as well as the nomadic Cheyenne (Grinnell, 1923, vol. 1, pp. 64 ff., 117), Kiowa (informants' testimony), and Teton Dakota (Dorsey, 1891, p. 335); and the northwestern marginal Wind River Shoshoni (Shimkin, 1947 b, p. 294), and Flathead (Turney-High, 1937, p. 109). However, Jenness (1938, p. 28) wrote of "young warriors" caring for Sarsi horses, and Mandelbaum (1940, p. 196) reported the care of Plains Cree horses was entirely the work of men.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

THE HORSE IN RECREATION

The horse played a prominent role in the leisure time activities of Blackfoot children and adults in 19th century buffalo days.

THE HORSE IN CHILDREN'S PLAY

Some of the toys of Blackfoot children were designed to help them imitate the daily activities of their elders in their play. Bradley (1923, p. 275) reported that girls "built miniature lodges, collected bundles of wood and made travails." The little lodges, travois and other small-scale reproductions of camp equipment were packed on toy horses in playing "moving camp." The conventionalized horse was a forked stick, the basal end of which was pushed into the ground to support the travois and equipment when not being moved (fig. 31). Girls aged about 6 to 9 years engaged in this play, as recently as ca. 1910.

FIGURE 31.—Blackfoot girl playing "moving camp," with a conventionalized stick horse, doll, and miniature lodge and household equipment.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

524 865 Lazy Boy recalled that when he was a small boy he and his sister played with little willow horses. Each was simply but cleverly fashioned by splitting one end of a willow branch and bending the split portion to make the head and forelegs, and splitting the other end of the same piece and bending them to form the tail and hind legs of the horse. Boys about 8 to 12 years of age made and played with these crude horse toys. Indians born since buffalo days were familiar with the pattern. They had played with these toys themselves. In 1942, a middle-aged Piegan woman made two of these willow horses for my small daughter. One of them is shown on plate 12A. It measures 14¼ inches long by 10¼ inches high. The saddle is not typical of the woman's saddle of buffalo days.

Wissler (1911, p. 54) was informed that "small boys often played at owning, stealing and tending horses, using rude images of mud or selected stones of appropriate form." Informants recalled that boys 8 to 12 years of age, made miniature horses of clay from a river bank in summer. They would place sticks in the end of each leg while the clay was soft. When the clay dried they could stand the horses in the earth by means of these sticks. Some of the clay horses were as much as a foot long. Boys who had been in swimming in summer sometimes collected flat stones and set them up in the sand beside the river, pretending the stones were horses. They would move them about, make little corrals of sticks for these horses, etc.

An ingenious hobbyhorse, known as "crooked buttocks shape," was made from a fairly heavy tree having a double bend in it. Adults procured these pieces, peeled off the bark, and placed the heavy end in a hole in the ground. The small boy or girl would mount astride it and pretend to ride it. Sometimes a carved wooden horse head was attached to the front of it and a stick or bundle of horsehair tied to the rear to make it look more like a horse. The child might throw a piece of buffalo hide or an old saddle on it and tie reins of rawhide to the upward projection. Sometimes an adult presented one of these hobbyhorses to a favored child of a prominent man and received property in return (fig. 32). Wissler (1911, p. 53) apparently referred to this type of hobbyhorse, although his description is lacking in detail.[71]

[71] Similar types of children's play were common among other Plains Indian tribes. Cheyenne and Arapaho girls played moving camp with miniature horses made of forked sticks (Michelson, 1932, p. 3; 1933, p. 896). In 1840, Tixier (1940, p. 235) was amused by the play of little Osage girls. "One walked on all fours like a horse loaded with luggage; after unloading her, her friends helped her to build a small lodge with stakes and a blanket; then all together, horses and horsewomen, going in laughing. On other occasions they drove some pegs in the ground, making a sort of horse with it, and practiced climbing on its back." Teton Dakota boys rode wooden hobbyhorses. Sometimes they placed a saddle on a fallen tree and pretended to ride it. Teton boys and girls pretended to be horses and carried packs, while boys of those tribes carried one another on all fours (i. e., "horseback") (Dorsey, 1891, pp. 329, 343). Both Teton and Cheyenne boys played with mud images of horses (Dorsey, 1891, p. 335; Grinnell, 1923, vol. 1, p. 65).

A A [See category 524, p. 358-K--Analyst]

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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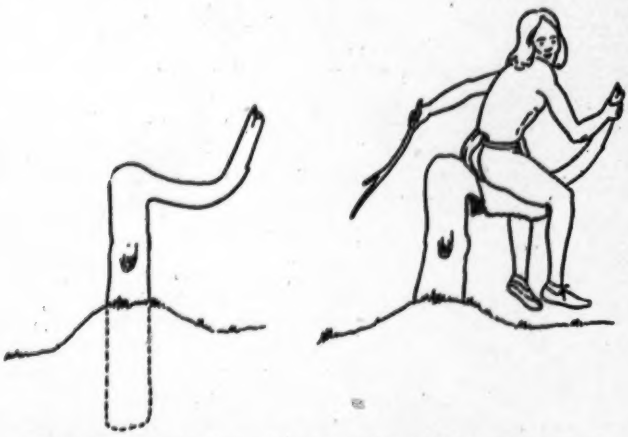

FIGURE 32.—Construction and use of a child's hobbyhorse, Blackfoot.

Lazy Boy said that by the time Blackfoot boys were 10 or more years of age they abandoned play with toy horses for the more serious and responsible activity of tending their families' horse herds. Girls also had little time for such play after they were called upon to help their mothers with household chores. 883

At the Heart Butte Sun Dance encampment on the Blackfeet Reservation, Mont., in the summer of 1944, I watched three small boys, aged about 10 years, playing at bull dozing and calf roping in imitation of these modern rodeo events. In the game of calf roping one boy played the part of the calf, another the horse, and the third the rider. The horse carried the rider after the "calf." When the rider roped the "calf" he jumped off and bound the "calf's" hands and feet together with a small rope (pl. 12, *A*). In the game of bull dozing the rider attempted to grab the "steer" around the neck and shoulders and wrestle him to the ground. Such play is of recent origin, of course. However, in spirit it is akin to the "horse play" of Blackfoot children in buffalo days. 857

HORSE RACING

David Thompson wrote of the Piegan ca. 1800, "They have also sometimes horse racing, but not in the regular manner; but bets between individuals in running down animals, as the Red and Jumping Deer, or the killing of so many Cow Bisons at a single race" (Thompson, 1916, p. 359). It is possible Thompson had not been in Blackfoot encampments in late summer, the traditional horse racing 541 [525]

A [See category 857, p. 358-K--Analyst]

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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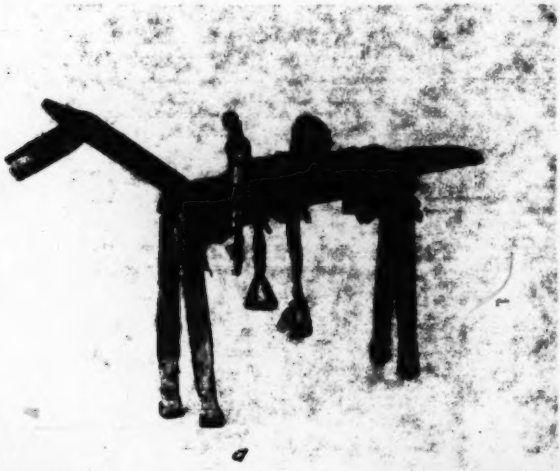

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a. Child's toy horse of bent willow. Made in 1942 after an old Piegan pattern. (Courtesy Miss Jane Ewers.) *b*. Piegan boys playing calf roping at Heart Butte Sun Dance Encampment, summer 1944. (Courtesy Museum of the Plains Indian.)

[p. 358-K]

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

children of the poor. At birth, the son of a rich man was placed upon an otter or a weasel skin. The poor man's child had to be content with a buckskin bag. Pointed Plume was initiated to many ceremonial objects for which large and handsome payments were made. The list is impressive: forelock of the Long Time Pipe; weasel-tail suit, a partnership in the Horn Society when he was only fourteen years old, and many ceremonial paintings to insure long life and prosperity. He was rarely permitted to leave his home and was never entrusted to any white school.

Ned Sloane, the son of a white father and an Indian mother who died when he was born, could boast of no such honorings. Deserted by his one remaining parent, the boy spent his childhood in the care of his Indian grandmother, visiting from relative to relative. "All of them treated me like a son," he said, but none gave him any substantial gift—not even his famous uncle Long Tail-feathers, owner of many powers, though Ned and his grandmother shared his home for years. At the tender age of seven, the youngster was sent to the Dunbow Industrial School, more than a hundred miles from the reserve. In the eleven years he "studied" there, he had four visitors.

Each member of a men's society hailed his fellow-member as *taka*, a term of friendship that frequently implied a greater degree of affection and loyalty than was lavished upon a close relative. Even after the buffalo had disappeared and the hunt was a thing of the past, these societies persisted; they still remain a great force for solidarity among the Blood. But within their membership social differences are clearly recognised. It was the rich men's sons who became the leaders because they could buy the more expensive bundles.[10]

Long before they were eligible for membership in such organizations, young children were well aware of age differences. Very consciously, they sought their playmates within a limited group. But even within this group, the children of the rich formed an inner clique which set them off as a snobbish elite and at the same time protected them from the envious assaults of their less fortunate comrades; not unexpectedly they chose their *taka* or special friend from their own social stratum. Pointed Plume says,

> I had a number of boy playmates. They were *minipoka* like me. Buffalo Horn was my special comrade, but Wolf Tail and Painted Arrow were also close friends.
>
> Buffalo Horn, like me, was a *minipoka* and the only boy in the family. It was much easier to play with another *minipoka*, for when we were teased by the gang, I and Buffalo Horn could stick together. Also my family felt that Buffalo Horn was a fit companion for me. He came of a wealthy family and was a favorite son.

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[10] Maximilian, *Travels in the Interior of North America*, p. 256, for the buffalo period.

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

857 571 In the children's play camp, however, age-grades were frequently forgotten and boys and girls imitated the life of adults. Some chose to be husband and wife, others mother and child. Pointed Plume says,

[561] Usually we had partners, but my older sister almost always played with me. I was her son. She thought it safest if she took care of me, because I was a *minipoka*.

[184] No such supervision was given a Ned Sloane. He frankly tells of his sex play with a little girl of five.

[556] The poorer children served the rich children much as the poorer adults served the rich adults. Sometimes this was a matter of free choice, a desire to be identified with a more fortunate child. Pointed Plume says,

Bird Shooter was not a *minipoka* but he liked to play with the favorite children. His father was related to my father. He had just enough money to keep going. Bird Shooter was a little younger than I. He used to stand at the stick and call the winner in the arrow game.

The service of others, however, was bought and paid for. Pointed Plume says,

[431] One of our favorite pastimes was making horses out of mud. Neither I nor Buffalo Horn was particularly good at this and we tried to induce Big Bonnet, who was poor but a good sculptor, to play with us and make horses for us. At first he didn't care to, but I finally persuaded him to come to my house. My father gave him moccasins and and pair of pants and my mother fed him well, so he remained with us. He and I were the same age, about ten.

And this service was exacted once it had been bought. Pointed Plume says,

[431] Big Bonnet used to play the arrow game with us. Arguments would arise as to who was the winner. Big Bonnet wanted his arrows back and would fight the others. If I and Buffalo Horn beat him up he would go home, but he had to come back the next day to play because he was paid for.

Poor boys tried to get even. Ned Sloane says,

[578] When I was six, there was a favorite child who lived in our band and who wore a weasel skin charm which hung down his back. One day, one of the older boys grabbed the weasel skin and twisted it so that the cord almost choked the *minipoka*. He finally freed himself and went crying to his father. The gang broke up quickly. They were afraid when the father of the boy screamed at them the worst curse known to the Blood, "May you have an early death!"

657 178 SUMMARY.—These first seventeen years on the reservation saw the greatest change in Blood society since the introduction of the horse. A people who had been nomadic, subsisted on buffalo, and raided their neighbors, both white and Indian, for horses that alone brought prestige and the possibility of social advance—these people were now settled within the

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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593 while their great-aunt struck their father with a tent-pin when he ordered
578 her off his land. They heard their mother accuse her near-relative of sexual indiscretions; they joined their usually mild grandmother as she threw stones at her sister-in-law's departing car.

152 There can be little doubt that children are sensitive to such violent
593 exhibitions, but their reactions vary considerably from situation to situation and from child to child. They may stand by seemingly unmoved, or they may join the fray with considerable enjoyment. They may shriek in fear, as the Pointed Plume children did the night their father and his brother fought so furiously. They may cry continuously, as the Dennis children did at school, because their parents' quarrels had frightened them
[115] so that they didn't want to return home while their father was there. Annie Curtis, a dignified informant of thirteen, gave it as her considered opinion that "girls minded their parents' quarrels more than boys."

857 This may well be so. Training and social sanctions make it easy for the
858 boy to escape an uncongenial home situation. At an early age he learns to ride a horse, at ten he is expected to help his father on the range or in the field. His frequent absences from home cause little comment. Two independent males, one eight, one eleven, laughed at us when we suggested that they tell their mother we were taking them for a swim. Girls' work, on the other hand, ties them to the house. They tend their little brothers and sisters; they learn to cook, to sew, to do beadwork. Only a few have the hardihood to face the certain disapproval that descends upon them when
[593] they stay out over night, even at a relative's. Bound to their homes by work
[578] and convention, they are more exposed than their young brothers to parental
[155] quarrels. They may see themselves not only as the little mothers of today, but as the cruelly beaten wives of tomorrow.

593 Frequently there is no way for boy or girl to avoid an unpleasant scene;
591 but whenever possible, a child will seek a refuge—for a short time if the
578 trouble blows over quickly—for years if it does not. Nellie Bending-Branch lives with her grandmother because her parents quarrel so much. May Big Water has spent most of her days at her grandmother's largely because her father and stepmother fought so frequently. Pointed Plume's adopted "favorite" returned to her own parents when he and his wife quarrelled seriously before separation.

[855] At times, a child is the terrified observer of parental conflict; at times, he is the unhappy victim of parental cruelty. Not infrequently, upon the remarriage of a mother, the children will remain with their grandparents, "because their stepfather might not be good to them." Stepmothers were viewed with equal misgivings, and not without cause. But there are also cases of children so mistreated by an own mother or father, that they have to be rescued by more compassionate, if more distant relatives.

[824] [534] [796] [301] problem during long ceremonies in which many rattles were used.

The dry berries were strung on necklaces.

This berry was the one used by the girl who escaped from the cannibal in the story of the Lost Children (Wissler, Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians, p. 128).

Artemisia campestris

[281] An infusion of the root was rubbed on a hide that was being tanned.

Artemisia frigida

For deodorant, saddles, (Fig. 34) womens' pillows, hide bags and quivers were stuffed with Artemisia frigida and A. ludoviciana.

[534] In the preparation of rattles, the skin was moulded around balls of the plant.

[237] [413] Paint applicators made from broken shoulder blades of buffalo or cattle were cleaned with A. frigida, then dipped in another color.

[751] Quantities of the plant were put on campfire coals and the smoke repelled mosquitoes.

[524] Children played a game of clubbing gophers unconcious and reviving them holding the crushed leaves to the animal's nostrils.

[281] Hides were treated with water in which the plant had been soaked or brewed.

Aster spp.

The various color forms of this genus were thought to be the effect of aging rather than indicative of taxonomic difference. The sequence went from white to blue and finally yellow.

[793] [524] [857] The Holy Woman of the Sun Dance wore a necklace of the yellow form. Children rubbed the flowers on their bouncing arrows for color.

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]

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his uncle was long the mayor of Fort Macleod, a town near the Blood Reserve.

Although their mixed ancestry and Rosie's education probably contributed to their progressive ways, the couple was also noted for some very traditional Blood ways. For several years they were the keepers of the Longtime Medicine Pipe, which is the most ancient and highly revered sacred bundle among the Bloods. Charlie always wore his hair long and in braids, and Rosie was known for her excellent craftwork. In fact, she kept on doing beadwork until she was nearly a hundred, when her failing eyesight forced her to give up.

Rosie Davis was also quite an avid reader, which is a surprising pastime for a woman born back in the buffalo days. It was hard to imagine her living in the tipi camps of those days while sitting in her modern home, enjoying tea and cookies and listening to her discourse on such modern books as *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee.*

Rosie accepted the coming of modern life as inevitable, but she didn't like it. She felt sad as she watched fences and land boundaries close up the open prairies, and livestock taking the place of the wildlife. She didn't hesitate to say that the old life was much more healthy. But she was especially concerned about the new ways of raising children—too much time indoors, and without discipline or parental guidance and understanding. She would say:

"Oh, we were happy when I was a youngster. We used to play out all day long. When the weather was good we would go horseback riding or make toy lodges and imitate our mothers. In those days there were a lot of foxes, coyotes, and wolves in the country, and sometimes we went hunting for these. In the wintertime we went sliding down hills on stiff hides, or we would play games on the ice—spinning tops with whips, sliding carved sticks known as snow snakes, or batting round rocks with sticks, like hockey.

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Bloods. He owned a number of different medicine pipe bundles and he joined the Horns Society many times. He lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and he died not too many years ago.

When I was just a little girl my father purchased a painted-lodge design for me. The design was put on a new tipi for the transfer ceremony. It wasn't a big tipi, it was just a little tipi big enough for kids to play in. My mother made it for me so that I could use it with my friends. They hired an old man to conduct the ceremony so that I would be properly initiated for it. My mother sat in the tipi with me, as my partner. I was not the only little girl that was given such a tipi. There were a few others.

My sister and I were then in boarding school. That was in the days when they didn't even allow us to come home for the Sun Dance. My mother came to the school and she put up the tipi in the summertime. She put it up right by the school, and nobody bothered it. She put in a small tipi liner that had designs painted on it. She tanned some little animal furs and she put them inside my tipi for rugs. She even made little bags from rawhide and put them all around the inside, just like a regular lodge. Sometimes on her way to visit us at the school, my mother would stop at Long-Nosed Crow's [the trader R. N. Wilson's store] and buy a lot of groceries. Then she would tell me to invite all my friends to the tipi and she would serve a big meal—all kinds of food and berries. Sometimes even the nuns came over and sat in the little tipi with us.

The design on my tipi was very pretty. It was given to one of the old people from the past, in a dream. The cover was painted yellow, and it had four lines of colored circles going from top to bottom. The circles stood for stars, and there was a row of them at each of the four directions—east, west, north, and south. I don't know how many years I had that tipi, but it finally wore out and disappeared. I have never painted that

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TWO LITTLE SISTERS
by Paula Weasel Head's Sister, Annie Red Crow

593 My father took my sister as his Minipoka, or favorite. I
858 don't know why he picked her, but in those days it was a custom to do that. She got special treatment in whatever she did, and my father took her along to ceremonies and dances while I stayed home and played.

593 Not that our father treated me badly because of it. Sometimes he tried to get me initiated for some sacred thing at the same time as my sister, but I always ran away. I always preferred to play with my friends. I wasn't mistreated at all, but I sure was jealous because my sister was treated special. I used to do things to aggravate her. I would make certain faces at her, when no one was looking, and call her. "Ponah! Ponah!" I would say, quietly, and when she looked and saw my faces
551 she would get real mad. Her real name is Different-People Woman, but they named her Paula, like they named me Annie. Paula Iron and Annie Iron, we were called in school. The old people couldn't pronounce Paula, so they called her Ponah, and that name has stuck with her.

857 Right from the time we were young my sister knew a lot
524 about Indian ways. We would make dolls out of cloth and buckskin, and we would put real hair on them. She knew how to make them real good. She had a little painted tipi, and it was even transferred to her with a ceremony. After that she started pouting around our parents because she didn't have a medicine pipe bundle for her tipi. Our parents had several of them, at different times. So they made her a little medicine pipe bundle to hang up in her tipi. She took care of it just like our mother took care of our real ones—that's how she learned to care for medicine bundles so good. This small one she had
852 wasn't transferred to her, it was just for imitation. But there
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512 when he had finished about half of it he would spill the rest out. I think he did that just to show who was the boss. He sure thought highly of himself.

593 While he was drinking his tea I would sit real close to him. He would cuddle me, and my sister would sit across the room and make faces at me. When the food was ready my mother would feed him, and I would eat out of his bowl, with him. My sister thought I was a real brat.

868 When I was small I used to have my own sackful of dried
251 meat. My mother always took me along to get the government rations, once a week. When we got home with them she would start cutting up the meat. I sat next to her and did whatever she did. She had a string across the room, up by the ceiling, from which she hung the strips of meat to dry. She put up a string for me and I hung up my own strips. I had my own bags of serviceberries, chokecherries, and bullberries. All of these
415 I had dried. While I was picking them and drying them my
237 father would make me nice bags from the skins of unborn calves and other small animals. I kept all my things in bags back then.

868 Sometimes I would have lots of dried food stored up, and my
857 mother would tell me: "Boil some of your meat, we don't have anything to eat in this home." I would jump up and start to cook. We had matching cooking outfits, my sister and I, that our father bought for us at the trading post. We had little cast-iron pots—the kind that have three short legs to stand on. In Blackfoot we call them "having tits." They were really cute little pots.

I would get out my little three-legged pot and prepare the meal. Usually my meals consisted of dried meat, which I boiled with some fat and dried berries. This was training for me to learn how to be when I got older.

593 I always served my father first. One time I was serving out my food and I got to my sister. She said: "I'm not going to eat any of her food, because flies have had babies on them

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A little girl and her own miniature sacred tipi. This is about how my grandma Ponah must have looked when she was young and had her own tipi. (PHOTO: EDWARD S. CURTIS, GOOD MEDICINE FOUNDATION)

[p.170]

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My family, at home by the tipi. Left to right: My husband, Adolf, sons Wolf, Iniskim, and Okan, and me with daughter Star in summer, 1979. (PHOTO: PAUL SCHOLDICE)

[p. 182]

"If the children of a household didn't behave then the mother or father might go and get some old man or old lady to come and give them a lecture. If the kids were still acting bad that old person would just pull out an awl and pierce their ears right then. That worked very well in teaching kids a lesson.

"In my young days all the kids had their ears pierced for earrings, anyway—boys and girls. Usually this was done by some old lady, when we were still babies. Round pieces of shell were the most popular kind of earring decoration among us Bloods."

Because we spend a lot of time with our elders, my kids have learned from the start to have respect. Even today we get old people in our home who have certain rules that must be followed around them. When our grandfather was around, for instance, everyone had to stay seated while he was eating his food. The kids enjoy having the old people around because they get to hear a lot of stories and songs. Some of the children's songs have silly sayings in them, such as: "Magpie, magpie, go before me and stab your bag by the door"; or "Gopher, gopher, with bouncing breasts; with bouncing breasts; with bouncing breasts."

Sometimes the old person gets the kids to play a game, like pinching the tops of each other's hands and holding on to them until there is a big pile of hands. The first one that lets go gets tickled from the rest. The songs are called lullaby songs, and mothers used to sing them to their babies to put them to sleep. Kind of a scary one had these words: "Wolf, wolf, come eat this baby that won't go to sleep."

Little kids used to be left to play together, and in the summer they often went naked. But as soon as they got old enough to know the difference between boys and girls, they were separated. From then on the girls were watched carefully by their mothers and aunts, and no boys were allowed

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near them. If they did anything that might bring a bad name to the family they were punished quite severely—mostly by their own brothers.

Brothers and sisters were taught to respect each other from an early age. Girls were never allowed to dress improperly in front of their brothers. Some of these customs have gone on to the present time, I can tell you. I was the only girl in my family, and I had six brothers who watched over me. These customs sure caused me and some of my friends a lot of tears and heartaches—like when we had boy friends of whom our brothers didn't approve, or when we wanted to be in style and wear shorter skirts.

In the days when my grandmothers were little girls about the only toys they had were small replicas of the things their mothers worked with—small tipis and camping outfits, dolls and little cradleboards, and miniature tools for tanning and cooking food. They were told about the holy women who put up Sun Dances, with the hopes that they would learn to be honest, kind, and virtuous.

I have often heard that the old Indians sold their daughters. There is some truth to this, but mostly it is a misunderstanding of our customs. When a worthy young man married a respectable girl, both families exchanged presents. However, to win the approval of her parents, the young man first had to show her parents how generous he could be by sending them several fine horses and other property. Since the parents were losing a good household worker in the transaction, these valuables could be looked upon as a return on their investment of having raised the daughter to her prime. I imagine some parents thought of the matter in these terms—especially fathers who had a number of sons. Keep in mind that the daughter's marriage meant she would then be obligated to her husband and his family. Often her parents hardly saw her anymore after the marriage.

The way that a young man first gave notice of his desire for

Outside it was dusk. We could hear a few kids still playing. Their voices seemed distant, even though only a thin layer of canvas separated us from their vast outdoor playground. Here and there a dog barked, and from the nearby brush we could hear the whinny of a horse. A mother called for her children to come home and get ready for bed. Then we heard the voice of old Mokakin. He called out for all to hear:

"All of you children who are still playing around the camp, all of you young people, hear me! This is a holy camp, and the older people wish to pray now. They will be praying that all of you will live good lives and reach old age. You must help them by going to your homes and keeping quiet for the rest of the night. Tomorrow will be another day for playing and visiting with your friends. Mothers and fathers, see that your children are at home now, so that they will disturb no one in the camp."

Mokakin slowly walked around the camp circle while he talked. He was headed for the west side of the camp, toward Sun. He stayed close to the tipis, so that everyone could clearly hear his words. He was the main camp crier, often called upon to make announcements for others.

Slowly Mokakin made his way back to our side of the circle. He was wearing his very old Hudson's Bay point blanket, the kind with one black stripe instead of several colored ones. The blanket was wrapped around his body, over his left shoulder and under his right arm, allowing it to hang free. This arm he waved in the air, making gestures to support his words. He came to the door of our lodge and coughed lightly, letting us know that he was about to enter. From the reflection of the fire on our tipi's walls he knew that we were still up. He did not know that we had been watching him through the small opening. Quickly, we rushed back to our seats and waited for his entrance. One of the many rules of respect shown to Medicine Pipe Bundles is that the Keepers must never call out to anyone from

Each holy woman had a spiritual mother, a former holy woman, who gave her a sacred Bundle and the knowledge and rights to use it for the ceremony.[A] Their husbands were instructed by spiritual fathers, who were in turn the husbands of former holy women. While the husbands engaged in the sweat baths, the holy women sat outside the lodge and prayed. The purifying sweat baths marked the beginning of the holy fast. During this fast, the holy women and their husbands concentrated completely on their efforts to inspire their People. The only thing they consumed was a shell full of water each morning and evening. Only the participants of the Medicine Lodge ceremony were allowed near their tipis, and they spoke not at all or in whispers.

The fourth and final move was made early in the morning. While the camp's lodges were being set up, the holy leaders marked out the site for the Medicine Lodge in the center of the camp circle, and dug the holes for the posts. While the women arranged their households, the children gathered firewood. The men went down to the river bottom, where they ceremoniously cut one upright post and one rafter log for the frame of the Medicine Lodge, then returned to the camp with the Spirit of a successful victory and again sang the ancient song. Some men fired their guns into the air. The excitement spread around the camp and strengthened the Spirits of everyone.

The construction of the Medicine Lodge began with the placement of twelve upright cottonwood logs. These posts stood in a circle about thirty-five feet in diameter; in the center was the large hole into which would go the Center Pole. The posts, long enough to extend about nine feet above the ground, forked at the top end. Eleven smaller logs, each about twelve feet long, were laid so that their ends rested in the forks of adjacent uprights, thus forming a circle. The remainder of the Holy Lodge was constructed the following day, the most important day of the ceremony.

A. [i.e., the Sun Dance--Analyst]

ments among the People were becoming more common by that time, anyway, as their life in harmony with the Old Ways was being disturbed by outside interferences, both physical and spiritual.

SCRAPING WHITE'S AND HEAVY HEAD'S ACCOUNT: 1889

I once asked the Old Man if he had seen the self-torture dancing during the 1892 Okan, among the Bloods. He told me, "I was at that Okan with my parents, I remember . . . but I was too young to understand what was really going on. Some families had favorite children (Minipokaiks) who were taken along to holy ceremonies and had things explained to them. I wasn't one of those. Most of the kids were expected to play with their friends and not come near enough to disturb holy places until they were old enough to take part in things. I spent most of my time with my partners, riding across the prairie on my horse and looking for childhood adventure." Then, sensing that I had hoped for a more exciting answer, he added, "But my stepfather, Scraping White, later told me about the self-torture dancing. He helped to make the incisions and gave the dancers encouragement. Three summers before that last time of self-torture he had made and fulfilled a vow of his own."

I learned that old Scraping White was one of three men who fulfilled his self-torture vows during the Okan in 1889. Besides Scraping White, who was then twenty-three years old, there was Tough Bread (also known as Flint and Heavy Forehead) and old Heavy Head, who was then twenty. Heavy Head later became the Old Man's advisor and teacher. In 1947, an anthropologist named John Ewers recorded old Scraping White's story about his experience. Scraping White was then eighty-one years old—a fact that disproves the common theory that men who took part in the self-torture did not live long afterward. This theory might have been true in the long-ago days,

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Some children were playing in the bushes by the camp. One of the children was a minipoka. His father was the head chief. Everybody was afraid of this chief; sometimes he got a bad temper, but he was Powerful and a good leader.

Oki, the kids were playing in the bushes. The minipoka had to go to the toilet, so he went away from the kids where they could not see him. But the other kids, they wanted to know how a minipoka would take care of himself. So they watched through the bushes. When they looked at him, their eyes got big. What fell to the ground was a big pile of pretty shells, the kind Medicine Pipe Owners wear as a necklace. The children ran out from the bushes and grabbed the shells. They were so excited that they knocked the minipoka down and took all the shells. When he got up, all the shells were gone and the kids ran off through the bushes with them, singing and laughing.

The minipoka started to cry and ran home to his father. When he told his father what happened the chief became angry. Right away, he gave the order for camp to be moved and for no one to call home their children. The People had to do what the chief ordered. By the time the children were finished playing and got back to the camp, all they saw were the smoldering fires where their tipis used to be. They all sat down and cried because they knew that they had been abandoned.

One of our Old People was raised as a minipoka by his influential father. His parents located a young girl from a good family to become his wife, even though he was still a boy and living at home. He became a member of the Horns Society when he was only about twelve or fourteen, which is very unusual. The Old People say that even now he still acts like a minipoka and likes to see things done to suit himself.

While we talked about minipokaiks, Ponah admitted she had been the minipoka of her father, Iron. She said that they had a painted Medicine Tipi transferred to her. When I asked

[p.120-A]

what a little girl did with a painted lodge of her own, she told us:

"It wasn't a big tipi. It was just a little tipi for kids to play in. My mother made it for me to play in with my friends. My sister and I, we went to boarding school. My mother, she put up the tipi right by the school, and nobody bothered it. She put in a panichtan [lining], and she tanned some little animals and put the skins around the inside for rugs. She even made little bags from rawhide [parfleches] and put them all around the inside. When my mother came to visit us, she stopped on the way at Long-Nosed Crow's [Wilson's Trading Post] and bought a lot of groceries. Then she told me to invite all my friends to the tipi and we had a big dinner. Even the nuns sometimes came over to sit in the little tipi with us."

Ponah said that the design painted on the tipi had been dreamed of by somebody and was actually transferred to her. The tipi was painted yellow, with four lines of stars going from top to bottom, one line at each of the four directions.

Our conversation wandered on to other things, and of course, Mokakin told us more old Napi stories.

ANOTHER NAPI ADVENTURE

One time, Napi came out from a forest and found a bunch of Gophers playing in a meadow. This was how they played: One of them would lie down in an old fireplace and the others would cover him up with earth and then build a fire on top of him. As soon as the fire got too hot, the buried one would call out, "Tsst, Tsst!" Napi asked the Gophers if he could play, and they told him he could. So he lay down in the fireplace and the Gophers put earth over him and built a fire on top of it. As he got warm, he called out, "Tsst, Tsst!" The Gophers uncovered him. Soon it was Napi's turn to build the fire.

Napi said to the Gophers, "I think it's easier

159
Lighter's Staff, and the Blackfoot Rider's Staff. 852
[George only painted for some of these Bundles.] 778

In one day I took four Medicine hats. My face 425
was painted and wiped and then repainted again, [302]
four times, as I went through four ceremonies in one day. [He means that when he was young, four different Medicine headdresses were transferred to him in one day. Thus, his parents spoiled [855]
their only child in a socially acceptable way.]

My father's name was Dog Child. My mother's name was The Only Handsome Woman; her 551 553
other name was Catching Another Horse, but she 159
was never called by that name. She was one of three sisters, and her mother said she was the only handsome woman. So that became her name. My father's name used to be Singing Amongst, but he changed that. My name was given to me from the war deeds of my uncle, Striped Wolf. He was the first one to ride a horse taken from the enemy. So I got the name First Rider. I didn't have the same name with my father. [Most of our People today carry the names of former relatives as their inherited family names. But they also have one or more personal, Indian names by which they are referred to in the Blackfoot language.] 159

I was born with long hair. My mother used 856
Indian perfume—boiled cedar needles—to wet [302]
my hair. That is why I got long hair.

I must have been about five years old when I [824]
was able to go riding on my own. 159

When I was a little boy I was taken to the [857]
Holy Lodge. I had two grandmothers [older female [852]
relatives, not necessarily biological grandmothers]. They each one gave me a Sun Dance necklace, [602]
my childhood property. I must have been eight [431]
years old when a horned Medicine headdress was given to me.

When I was thirteen years old I started riding 883
racehorses. I was sixteen years old when I started 526
to learn bronc riding. But soon my father made 159
me quit. He said, "There is no future in it. It is [829]
the white man's life. An Indian will compete in a

We used to play a game with 524
bows and arrows; we put mud balls on the points. We had mock wars. People from the opposite ends of the reserve would shoot at each other with the mud-tipped arrows and the winners would keep all the arrows. We played a hoop game and in the spring when the geese came back, all the women and the men played ball games. Kids used to go out on the prairie and [857]
play. We would snare gophers, then take them [224]
home and cook them and eat them. They were not too bad. [262]

I was a very good dancer. Everyone used to 535
watch me. I was always the first one out on the 541
dance floor when I was young. . . . I always danced at the stampede and exhibitions they had in Fort MacLeod and in Lethbridge and several times I danced at the Calgary Stampede, once on the back of a flat trailer.

The most important place I ever danced at 535
was in Banff, when Long-Faced Crow [Wilson] 541
took us up there to entertain some officials. Fifty- 177
five of us went up there by train. We took along 484
several painted lodges to sleep in. They drove us out to the buffalo paddock in cars and I remember some of the Old Men, like Natosina, talking about how they would like to have a bow and arrow and go in there for just one more buffalo. They really liked seeing buffalo again. We had ten tipis set up; most of the men brought their wives along.

When we got ready to dance for all the 535
white people in Banff, Wilson told me not to 541
wear any clothes, just to wear my breechcloth 177
and to dance with my hoops. My moccasins were fully beaded with white background and I had paint all over my body. There were several people taking pictures of me, some of them with those big cameras that they put their heads inside of. I never saw any of the pictures. The other Bloods that were along illustrated all kinds of things from the Old Days. They had mock battles and horse raids and they put up tipis. Natosina even led a Nighttime ceremony for them inside the big

22: Wissler & Duvall E,I-5 (1902-1907) 1908
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539 the baby's forehead red. When this had been done, the baby ceased to cry.[1] This is the way children are kept from crying, even to this day.

Now Whirlwind-Boy would sometimes take the right hind-leg of the buffalo and paint one side yellow. Then he would go out and wander about the prairie, repeating to himself, "This bone says all the buffalo will go down the drive and over the cliff." Then he would throw the bone out in front of him. If it fell with the yellow side up, it would be as he said. At another time he would take a bone, lay a stick across it, and then drop a braid of sweet-grass. If the braid fell on the stick hanging, the buffalo would go over.[2] These things people do even to this day. When Whirlwind-Boy was a man and his mother very old, he said to her one day, "Mother, I think I shall go away before you die. I do not care to be here when that happens." His mother asked him not to go, but he was not easily moved. At last, however, he agreed to take her with him. So he called the people of the camp together and requested all to watch. He took his mother over to the top of a high cliff; then he went back some distance and became a whirlwind. When the whirlwind reached the place where the mother sat, she disappeared. No one ever saw them again.[3]

2. The Bladder Story.

Once there was a very poor boy who lived with his mother. His father was dead. One day his mother was ill and was about to die, but the boy said, "My mother will come to life again." She had been gored by a buffalo and was almost dead. She had been gored in the head. The little boy said, "Give me a bladder." When it was brought to him, he blew it full of air. His mother was lying with her head towards him. He put the bladder on her head and placed some charcoal on it. Then he said to his uncle, "You must be ready to shake the lodge four times." Then he painted his mother, — a black spot on her right hand, one on the back of each wrist, and one on her forehead. On himself he made a circle at each place where he had painted a dot on his mother. Now the woman was dead. The boy took a calf robe with the hair-side up, and beat time on it as he sang,

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[1] At this point the narrator explained that a favorite game among children was the taking by the boys of a bone from the left hind-foot of the buffalo, and going among the girls to induce them to laugh. A boy would shake the bone near the girl's face, and in as comical manner as possible say, "I know you are going to have a lover! I know it! I know it!" Now if the girl laughed, it was a sure sign that she would be a bad [unchaste] woman. If she did not laugh, she would become a great medicine-woman, true, virtuous, etc. In a similar manner, girls would test boys, but with a bone from the left front-foot.

[2] The braid of grass hanging across the stick was explained as symbolizing meat hanging up to dry, in turn the symbol of plenty.

[3] This story accounts for some of the practices in the care of children. The navel-cord amulet for boys is in the shape of a snake; for girls, in the shape of a lizard or a horned toad. It was explained that the reason why Whirlwind-Boy picked out these forms was that these animals were never sick, and enjoyed long life.

28: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1967 NF6 Blackfoot NF6 Blood

held in his father's arms long after such attention was necessary. And when he joined other children in the play camp, he was not the "husband" of some willing little girl, as was a less protected youngster. His sister remained his watchful "mother." In the main, his close companions were *minipoka* like himself, an arrangement that not only fostered a blatant élitism, but also protected the "privileged" from being ganged up on by less favored children.

Nor was the "child of plenty" permitted to visit around and stay out overnight as other boys did. Nor could he attend the socially convivial "tea dances" along with other young blades. But when his father went on a trip, the *minipoka* was, whenever possible, the companion of his choice. It goes without saying that the favorite wore fine clothes, rode good horses with beautiful trappings, married with ostentatious display. Moreover, as he grew to manhood, he was spared the onerous participation in the hunt and the dangers of the warpath. He trusted to his father's wealth to bring him positions of respect. And this trust was not misplaced. Among the Blackfoot, "great deeds in social and ceremonial life would alone elevate one to the status of headman."[22]

True, the favorite was expected to be "generous" to all and sundry. More often, however, his training made him lazy and parasitical, readier to exploit the labor of others than to add to their support.

Originally a means for validating a father's wealth, the institution of the favorite child had secondary consequences—among them, the reinforcement of sibling rivalry, the encouragement of dependency in a society where self-reliance was a major objective, and the forging of strong affectional bonds between a father and his child, most usually between a father and his son. And it is this last that has particular importance for the way in which the father image is revealed in every-day life.

Being a favorite meant submission to certain restrictions—less freedom of movement, less participation in some of the more adventurous or romantic aspects of Blood society; and, at times, this was resented. But we have no record of any Blood who rejected the substantial attentions and advantages offered by favoritism. For the *minipoka*, the father became the "giver" *par excellence*, the only reliable "giver," since their statuses were so inextricably linked.[23]

[22] Clark Wissler, "The Social Life of the Blackfoot Indians," p. 23.

[23] In the reserve period, the government was actually more "reliable." But favoritism continued and with it patterns of an earlier time that still had relevance. In fact, those Blood who had no horses, and so could not make the traditional investments in ceremonial paraphernalia and society memberships, etc., but who were otherwise successful, had favorites "the American Way"—that is, they dressed their children well and showered them with expensive gifts.

33: Bradley G-3 (1871-1877) 1923
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000 854 dressed skin, in which condition it passed the first year of its life. Upon the march it was carried upon its mother's back, either secured with straps or more commonly supported in a fold of her robe or blanket. It was sometimes thus carried while the mother pursued the ordinary avocations of the camp, but under such circumstances it was ordinarily set away in some suitable place. It was also a very common practice to suspend it by cords to the poles in the interior of the lodge, where it was permitted to hang ● 857 at rest or was swung back and forth as in a cradle. The sports of the children were such as comported with their savage life, being largely made up of imitations of the pur- 524 suits to which they were destined in after years. The girls played housekeeping after the Indian fashion of that art, built miniature lodges, collected little bundles of wood and made travails. The boys sometimes spun a top of ordinary construction, putting it in motion with the hands and then by a skillful touch repeated at intervals, keeping it spinning often for half an hour. They also had a game of ball, which was played by choosing sides, and then arraying themselves opposite each other, attempting by means of a wooden bat to drive a ball through each other's ranks to [237] a given point beyond. The ball used was about the size of a baseball and made of wound hair, covered with 868 dressed skin. The boys were furnished with a bow and arrows at an early age and given lessons in horsemanship as soon as they could sit on a horse. A youth of twelve [858] years was usually a fair hunter and a good horseman. The girls were employed in the drudgery of the camp as soon as they were old enough to work, but the boys were exempted from all labor except that of herding horses. They were assigned to this duty as soon as they could be trusted to ride, which was about the age of six or seven years.

GAMES

524 Foremost among the games of the Blackfeet was one which from want of knowledge of its Indian name we may denominate Blackfoot billiards. A hard soil was chosen as the place of the game, where a space about six feet wide

42: Kehoe A,G-4,5 (1953, 1956) 1960
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The informants were questioned as to the size of the tipis when their ancestors used the tipi rings. They all agreed on the fact that the tipis were not large before their people acquired the horse. Several of them said that they heard of large tipis or tipi rings with two fireplaces during "horse days"; this tipi had to be taken apart when moving. George Bull Child, the interpreter, had interesting information on the size of the precontact lodge:

> The tipis were not very large before my people got the horse. The dogs were bigger then, but they could not carry very much even though the travois made a load lighter. A certain dog would have to carry a tipi skin alone. The lodge poles would be smaller in those days, so that a dog could pull them. A big cover would be only ten skins then. Some fellows would say, "My tipi is six skins." A big chief would have ten skins. Later on, when they got the horse, eighteen to twenty skins was average. [10]

Adam White Man said that small tipi rings occurring in a camp of larger rings may have resulted from the smaller dwellings of widows, elderly people, and from children's play tipis.[11]

All the informants were asked whether or not their people ever returned to the same campground and occupied the same tipi ring. Several of them thought that it was not the usual practice for their people to return to the same ring. Bull Head agreed with this but added, "It was not the usual practice for people to come back to the same ring, but my father did return to the one I am protecting. There is no reason to believe that my father considered he owned the tipi ring that he returned to." Information contrary to this was given by Annie Calf Looking:

> Yes, my grandmother said that her people, the Don't Laugh band, would leave their rock ring and mark it.[12] No, she did not tell me where they camped but she did tell me that they marked their camp. They marked their own stone ring and they could not take another person's ring. If you wanted someone's ring, you would have to pay dearly for the spot.[13] You would have to give robes, dogs or horses if you came and wanted to take someone's ring away. There was quite a dispute when someone came and took another person's camping ground. Each person would know right where their ring was located. When a person died, their brother could take the ring, give it to someone else, or leave it blank. People kept from taking a person's ring because they were afraid of the dead.

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[10] In his letter of March 25, 1954, Ewers believes "the estimate given by this informant on the average size of the Blackfoot lodges in posthorse period to be excessive. My informants (independently) seemed to agree very well with Wissler that the average sized tipi was twelve to fourteen skins." (Italics mine.)

[11] A photograph confirming Adam White Man's statement was published by McClintock (1935, p. 10), in which two children are shown playing in a small tipi, the sides of which are held down by rocks. A modern example of this play tipi was photographed by the writer at the 1956 Blackfoot encampment (pls. 55, c; 56, b; 61, a).

[12] Cecile Black Boy claimed that the tipi ring was marked by buffalo horn cores left among the rocks of the ring.

[13] Annie Calf Looking may be here confusing ownership of the ring (as a collection of rocks) with ownership of the right to camp in a certain position in the camp circle (see, e. g., Grinnell, 1892, p. 224).

42: Kehoe A,G-4,5 (1953, 1956) 1960
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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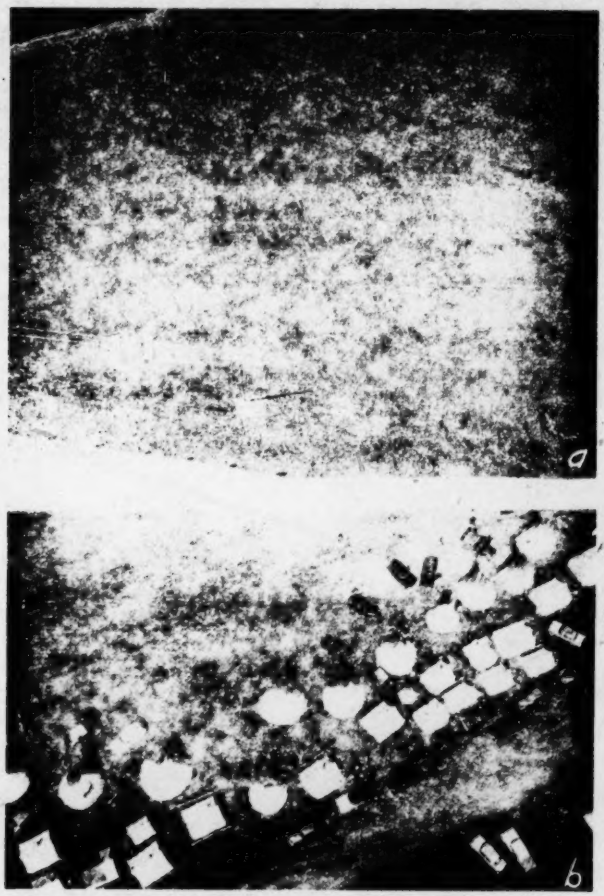

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a, Aerial view of site 24GL350. Note similarity of tipi-ring pattern to arrangement of 1956 encampment lodges (below). *b*, Horizontal aerial view of the south row of tipis (Nos. 2 to 12 and 39), 1956 Blackfoot encampment, Browning, Mont. Note small play tipi below larger lodge, right center.

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42: Kehoe A,G-4,5 (1953, 1956) 1960
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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a, Children's play tipi, Lodge 39, next to Lodge 6, 1956 Blackfoot encampment, Browning, Mont. *b*, Tom Horn's family in front of their tipi, Blackfoot Reservation, 1910. (Note rock weights.)

[p.474-N]